

# Dream Theater, Lines In The Sand

Sometimes, for a moment of bliss  
And the passion, we're craving  
There's a message we miss  
Sometimes when the spirits left alone  
We must believe in something  
To find if we've grown

Tragic reflex, shattered calm  
Static progress, senses gone  
Numb awareness, final psalm

Swept away with the tide  
Through the holes in my hands  
Crown of thorns  
At my side drawing lines in the sand

Sometimes, if you're perfectly still  
You can hear the virgin weeping  
For the savior of your will  
Sometimes, your castles in the air  
And the fantasies you're seeking

Are the crosses you bear

Sacred conflict, blessed prize  
Weeping crosses, stainless eyes  
Desperate addict, faith disguised

Swept away with the tide  
Through the holes in my hands  
Crown of thorns  
At my side drawing lines in the sand

We fabricate our demons  
Invite them into our homes  
Have supper with the aliens  
And fight the war alone  
We conjure up our skeletons  
Enlist the den of thieves  
Frightened from our closets  
Then sewn upon our sleeves

In the stream of consciousness  
There is a river crying  
Living comes much easier

Once we admit  
We're dying

Sometimes, in the wreckage of our wake  
There's a bitterness we harbor  
And hate for hatred's sake  
Sometime we dig an early grave  
And crucify our instincts  
For the hope we couldn't save

Sometimes a view from sinless eyes  
Centers our perspective  
And pacifies our cries  
Sometimes the anguish we survive  
And the mysteries we nurture  
Are the fabrics of our lives

Swept away with the tide

Through the holes in my hands  
Crown of thorns  
At my side drawing lines in the sand